

ISSUE ③

ONLY 50¢
(PRINTING COSTS
ONLY)



Dan - sorry the first page
inside is upside down - the
rest is fine - hope u
like it
♥ greta

X
Rated

ISSUE

THIS ONE'S FOR BART LAYLA AND
MY SISTER'S.

hey
dropjaw -

Let's go
disco BEEP! BEEP!
racing now,
let's wear
our cossies
on the bus
and



fART
phft!

Of all the people who do fanzines
in America or here who say
"it's o.k to masturbate- go ahead, have
fun" 1/2 of them are lying. You can
say somethings o.k in a zine which
is gonna be mostly read by people
you don't know. In fact if you use
a P.O Box and do the zine anonymously
you can write what the fuck you want.
But it's still baaad, especially for girls.
The bad girls whofingerfuck (out of the bath), who
fantasize and generally are most
happy when 'at one with themselves'.
Then i read a zine where the
writer either tells me there queer
or that they masturbate and are
'happy' about it all.

Sorry to be so blunt but,
BOLLARKS!

Then I think oh geez someone else is
out there wanking at the thought of
another girl and then I remember of
all the jokes about "dirty faggots
and lesies" I heard in college today

from previous page.

and all this positive- lets join hands
and communicate shit goes straight
out the window and back into the zine
where I first read it.

I'm sorry for being a moany shit.

happy wanking, you tosspots we all
know your doing it.



I want to learn how to blow bubbles with bubblegum,
do a cartwheel, and play the accord-
ian like some irish blues singer.
Then when I can do all them things I will be able
to continue with my life, see right now my lifes at
a standstill (i know, i know- it's been said
before). But it 'aint cause of some midlife crisis
or because I haven't got a girlfriend or any of
that bull you'll read in Just 17. I'm certain it's
cause I can't do those things i said at the top of
the page.
If reading this you've realised that you can do all
those things- (or even just one of them) and you
don't think your that special well YOU ARE TOO COOL
TO BE TRUE, even cooler than a snog with Winona
Ryder.

I mean you must realise how lucky you are. Any how I
just wanted to congratulate all the peoples who can
do dem things.

EURGH YOU JUST SHAT IN YOUR PANTS!.

Was it the thought of going into college
when you have'nt done that essay or
painted that picture.

Was it
sitting
your dad
him your

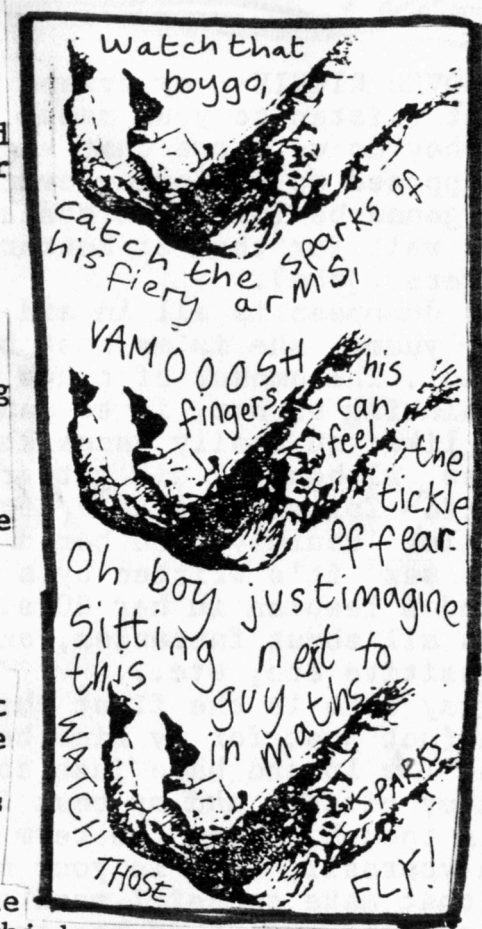
Was it
of dying
lonely
instead
quick
free one
always

Was it
of the
pitt
across
whose
so
for the
eyes which were aimed at you,

do not try to

stop the fear for the fear of being weak but
accept it as part of yourself.

Even if it does mean your left with dirty knickers.

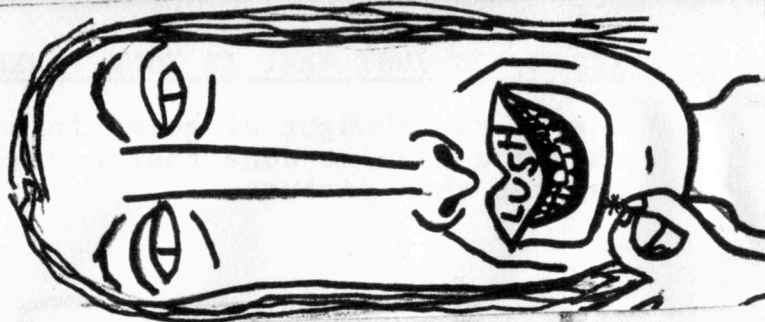


the idea of
down with
and telling
gay,

the thought
a sad and
death
of the
and care-
you'd
hoped for,

the memory
huge black
bull you came
last weekend
blackness was
complete but
white in it's

KISS AND TELL



COME ON OVER RICHIE- my friend wants to grab your butt (listen to your raoul records). Oh boy, oh boy do we lurve that song (me and layla). There supposed to be coming over here next year, and I'm gonna be like some obsessed, decrepid fan and will wait for them at heathrow with banners and flowers (joke).

All this dumbness is all in aid of the luchious melissa- yummy, she is my most beautiful woman at the mo'. The amount of times i've gone to sleep thinking of her, is to many to mention. Oh heck like you really wanna know about my fantasies, although I did get great inspiration for writing this after reading a zine called 'could you be bored shitless by the opposite sex' it's written by a teenage gay bloke and a lesbian in her 20's. The issue I read was all about fantasies, and coming out being positive etc, etc...

By the way this is the first thing I've ever written (not just for my zine, but ever) as a lesbian. I'm 16 and have just come out to my mum and my sisters and my best friend. The thing is though, I see the term 'coming out' as with yourself, like in your mind- does

that make sense? I mean telling your parents and stuff has to come after you've sorted yourself out doesn't it? I don't know but if your

reading this and you wanna write

DO! I don't care if this all sounds cliched, and heres the address for that zine →

'ZINE'
C/O 65 THORNHILL GDNS
LEYTON,
E10 5EW 50P &
or trade → S.A.E



test
recess

STRIPPER GIRL,

DANCING GIRL,

I sit at the back to watch your show,

to watch you lick

your honey lips, giving a little

bit, a bit of pleasure

to truck drivers who are

foreigners in a town where it's

the mayors daughter who is up

on the stage pushing the

ring in her bellybutton

o boy

and into the light.

weasel yr way around this →

"KEEP YOUR ROSARIES OUT OF OUR OVARIES"

Hold your belly
with a finger

Squeeze it with two

Touch it with a hand, feel the touch of
another.

The Unthinkable happens,
You fail the test.

That night you cry.

You hold your belly and say goodbye.

Abused and screamed at
scared to go in

God says it's murder
As a young girl you have no other
choice.

You feel guilty with pain,
it wasn't easy.



Are you finding
☆☆ it difficult to
meet your kind
☆ of people?? ☆



If so

We have the answer ...



THE HERBAL APPROACH



"It was just as Annaka
Rice had said!"



ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH



Come on
cry for me
with vocal chords strung downy-throat
like beads
cuz i want

to slit our
throats,
cry for my
state of
mind - apolog
ize for my
stupidness

START

on the last page?

write with finger nail patterns
across the page and feel your hair
against your back. write like you've
never done until today "write the
truth of all the things you've never
wanted to notice before." write about
the glue stuck to your finger and as
you peel it off it looks like your
skin. last night you dreamt you set
light to your self and couldn't care
less. like an old fashioned indian
burning with her dead husband on the
funeral pyre. does
glue skin really look like burnt skin? don't
try to find out, just write about it.
X marks the spot of delivered
frequency with narrow slit eyes
staring down your throat. would
masking tape hold in someone's lies?
like a bee delivering to the wrong
flower. would it really make a
difference? the glue and paint stuck
in your nails, the nervous bitter
taste that forever holds your peace,
in a tongue tied tonsil hockey way.
you forgive and questions get fired at
you like the paintballs doctors and
barristors hurl at each other at
weekends. while people wait in
corridors on rusty beds for operations
someone brings them flowers stolen
from their uncle's grave. he wouldn't
mind. he was a generous old biddy.

im sorry if it makes nooo
sense, i suppose i was just
trying to fill up the last
Page -

would you like to dance to Latin Beat?

SEND

CONTRIBUTIONS -

cartoons, letters,
stories, jokes, fantasies,
or any old bits of tat to ->

*VOOP/

BM NANCEE

LONDON
WC1N

3XX

(always with S.A.E)



THE END.

